Chap. 4

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

In Memoriam.

Memorial Ceremonies

AT THE

NATIONAL CEMETERY,

ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA.

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

MAY 30, 1868.

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY F. H. SMITH, ESQ.

WASHINGTON, D. C.:
McGILL & WITHEROW, PRINTERS AND STEREOTYPERS.
1868.

PREFATORY.

The great interest manifested by the public in the commemorative ceremonies of the 30th ultimo, the disappointment of many in not being able to attend, together with the universal desire expressed that the proceedings should appear in some durable form for preservation, have induced those having the matter in charge to publish this report.

There are many persons, officers of the Government and citizens in private life, whose generous support it would be grateful and pleasant to mention, but to do this would greatly enlarge this pamphlet and be but a poor acknowledgment of the estimate in which these tokens of sympathy are held. With but two or three exceptions, (and it were perhaps better not to allude even to these,) every request made by the several committees in perfecting the arrangements for the occasion was readily granted, and wherever comrades went the kindest sympathy and most generous aid were cheerfully bestowed. It does not fall within the scope of this report to relate the scenes and incidents, the details of the arrangements and the manner of decoration, the object being merely to give what was said, together with the order of the exercises.

N. P. CHIPMAN,

Chairman Committee of Arrangements.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *June* 7, 1868.

MEMORIAL CEREMONIES.

At one o'clock, p. m., N. P. Chipman, chairman of Committee of Arrangements, called the audience to order, and said:

Comrades and Friends:

We are assembled to commemorate, in some fitting manner, the deeds of those who lie in this national cemetery, and to offer a tribute to their deathless memory.

We are here at the call of the commander-in-chief of our Order, and to join in ceremonies which are transpiring at this hour all over the land, wherever the grave of a soldier is known or a loyal heart remembers with gratitude the noble sacrifices of our gallant dead.

The General Order to which I have alluded will be read by the Assistant Adjutant General.

W. T. Collins then read the following:

Headquarters Grand Army of the Republic,
Adjutant General's Office, 446 Fourteenth St.,
Washington, D. C., May 5, 1868.

General Orders
No. 11.

I. The 30th day of May, 1868, is designated for the purpose of strewing with flowers or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades who died in defense of their country during the late rebellion, and whose bodies now lie in almost every city, village, and hamlet church-yard in the land. In this observance no form of ceremony is prescribed, but posts and comrades will in their own way arrange such fitting services and testimonials of respect as circumstances may permit.

We are organized, comrades, as our regulations tell us, for the purpose, among other things, "of preserving and strengthening those kind and fraternal feelings which have bound together the soldiers, sailors, and marines who united to suppress the late rebellion." What can aid more to assure this result than by cherishing tenderly the memory of our heroic dead, who made their breasts a barricade between our country and its foes. Their soldier lives were the reveille of freedom to a race in chains, and their deaths the tattoo of rebellious tyranny in arms. We should guard their graves with sacred vigilance. All that the consecrated wealth and taste of the nation can add to their adornment

and security, is but a fitting tribute to the memory of her slain defenders. Let no wanton foot tread rudely on such hallowed grounds. Let pleasant paths invite the coming and going of reverent visitors and fond mourners. Let no vandalism of avarice or neglect, no ravages of time testify to the present or to the coming generations, that we have forgotten as a people the cost of a free and undivided Republic.

If other eyes grow dull, and other hands slack, and other hearts cold in the solemn trust, ours shall keep it well as long as the light and warmth of life remains to us.

Let us, then, at the time appointed gather around their sacred remains and garland the passionless mounds above them with the choicest flowers of spring time; let us raise above them the dear old flag they saved from dishonor; let us in this solemn presence renew our pledges to aid and assist those whom they have left among us, a sacred charge upon a nation's gratitude—the soldier's and sailor's widow and orphan.

II. It is the purpose of the Commander-in-Chief to inaugurate this observance with the hope that it will be kept up from year to year, while a survivor of the war remains to honor the memory of his departed comrades. He earnestly desires the public press to call attention to this order, and lend its friendly aid in bringing it to the notice of comrades in all parts of the country in time for simultaneous compliance therewith.

III. Department Commanders will use every effort to make this order effective. By order of—

JOHN A. LOGAN,
Commander-in-Chief.

Official:
WM. T. COLLINS, *A. A. G.*

N. P. CHIPMAN,
Adjutant General.

Prayer—By Rev. Byron Sunderland, D. D.

Almighty and Everlasting God—the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ—the God of our fathers and our God—who hast the care of all the ends of the earth. Oh, thou Creator, Preserver, and Benefactor of the World, whose providence is over every living thing, and who dost cause the seasons to keep their annual rounds, and from the death and drowsiness of winter dost evoke the life and beauty of the spring, how great and manifold are the tokens of Thy presence, and of Thy resurrection power, as all nature wakes again glorious in the garniture of flowers, and filled with melodies of the time when the singing of birds is come.

We pray thee, oh Lord, mercifully to remember us for good, as we have come forth this day, among Thy people, to acknowledge Thee; and, as Thy servants of old time did for themselves and for Thy chosen nation, to call upon Thy name and to spread out our supplications before Thee. For we are come this day to the cities of the dead—we are come to the sepulchres of our heroes, slain and fallen in battle with all the host of them that counted not their lives dear unto them for the sacred cause of God, and of country, and of humanity, and by which price they have made of this land one greater than Thermopylæ, an

have filled it in all its borders with freedom's shrines. Because we have come to mourn this day for those who sleep, and to pay to their memory the utmost tenderness of our regards. Because we have come to weep with those who survive, that the mission of our country could be accomplished only at so great a sacrifice. Because we have come, Oh Lord, likewise to mingle with our tears and sorrows a grateful sense of our deliverance and our triumph over appalling dangers, while we cover with garlands and fresh flowers the graves of our noble sons. Because we have come to take from the lap of earth these new children that have sprung in such abundance of loveliness and in such fragrance of incense, and cast them back upon the mother that brought them forth, in testimony that there is nothing too delicate, nothing too beautiful to be lavished upon the remembrance of those who have sealed with blood their devotion to the holy work of God and man.

Yet, oh Lord, we well do know that these blooms of earth will fade; these blossoms will wither and perish where they fall. Well do we know that they will return to mingle with the sacred mould of those who once stood up as a living rampart against the violence of treason—against the fury of rebellion; still do we pray that other hands, year after year, may strew them afresh, as we do this day. We pray that every spring-time may rise with its prophet voice to tell us that there is glory and immortality in the truth. That however assailed, however borne down for a time, the eternal years of God are her's. And we pray, too, that her's may be the hearts of men that never quail, though in the midst of living perfidies that make the soul turn sick. We pray, too, that her's too may be the hands of men that have borne the fire of every martyr for the priceless cause of liberty and justice. We pray, too, that her's may be the vows of men who, though betrayed and outraged in the house of their own friends, will not yet forget their duty—will not yet forsake the charge that has been imposed upon them—whether through the sophistries of a perverted judgment, or through the temptations of a corrupt ambition, or through the baser briberies of mammon, which, while they deceive, both defile and degrade our manhood to the lowest depths of infamy.

And now, oh Lord our God, we appeal to Thee by the united voice of our prayer for the integrity and rectitude of our nation in all coming time, and for the benefits and blessings of amity, equality, and fraternity, for us and for all men throughout the world, we cry to Thee from among the graves of those whom Thou didst choose to win the victory in the last great struggle for the welfare of mankind. And we pray, Thee, now especially, to look down upon us in Thy mercy, and bless us. Bless the general and officers, and soldiers and sailors of the Army and Navy of the United States—those that may be to-day assembled here or elsewhere, in all the land, for the same affecting purpose. Bless all the people of our country, and confirm to us the fruits of the late war in the emancipation of millions that had been growing in bondage, and in the exalted aims that have sustained this people in such great advancement. Give us a spiritual religion. May Christianity prevail among us in its original purity. May it not be to us an empty ritual, but a daily covenant between God and men, and between man and his fellow-men. And we pray that the machinations and efforts of demagogues—that the pestilence and poison of mere

partizan politics—may be thoroughly purged from among us as the bane, forever, of all republics, and the certain precursors of their disaster and downfall.

And, oh Lord, so long as the sovereignty of this great people shall be committed to the work of constitutional freedom—to the work of liberty regulated by law—to the work of and equality for all men without distinction—so long do we pray that Thou wilt uphold the honor of this Government, and give its name and its prowess respect among the peoples of the earth. For well we know that whensoever this nation shall depart from these great lights, and wander darkening in the gloom and sorcery of despotism and oppression, then wilt Thou make bare Thine arm and strike down the whole political fabric under which we live.

And now, oh Lord, we implore these blessings upon us—we deprecate these judgments from us—not in our own name, nor upon our own merits, but alone in the name and upon the merits of Him whose name is above every name, and will endure forever. And unto the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, will we ascribe unceasing and undivided praises. Amen.

Hymn—Entitled "Honor to the Soldier." Eight voices.*

The Hon. JAMES A. GARFIELD was then introduced, and spoke as follows:

I am oppressed with a sense of the impropriety of uttering words on this occasion. If silence is ever golden, it must be here beside the graves of fifteen thousand men, whose lives were more significant than speech, and whose death was a poem the music of which can never be sung. With words, we make promises, plight faith, praise virtue. Promises may not be kept; plighted faith may be broken; and vaunted virtue be only the cunning mask of vice. We do not know one promise these men made, one pledge they gave, one word they spoke; but we do know they summed up and perfected, by one supreme act, the highest virtues of men and citizens. For love of country they accepted death; and in that act they resolved all doubts, and made immortal their patriotism and their virtue.

For the noblest man that lives there still remains a conflict. He must still withstand the assaults of time and fortune; must still be assailed by temptations before which lofty natures have fallen. But with *these* the conflict was ended, the victory was won, when death stamped on them the great seal of heroic character, and closed a record which years can never blot.

I know of nothing more appropriate on this occasion, than to inquire what brought these men here. What high motive led them to condense life into an hour, and to crown that hour by joyfully welcoming death? Let us consider.

Eight years ago this was the most unwarlike nation of the earth. For nearly fifty years, no spot, in any of these States, had been the scene of battle. Thirty millions of people had an army of less than ten thousand men. The faith of our people in the stability and permanence of their institutions, was like their faith in the eternal course of nature. Peace, liberty, and personal security, were blessings as common and universal as sunshine, and showers, and fruitful

* These were amateur singers of the city who kindly volunteered their services. Some of them are comrades.

seasons; and all sprang from a single source—the principle declared in the Pilgrim covenant of 1620—that all owed due submission and obedience to the lawfully expressed will of the majority. This is not one of the doctrines of our political system—it is the system itself. It is our political firmament, in which all other truths are set, as stars in heaven. It is the encasing air; the breath of the nation's life. Against this principle the whole weight of the rebellion was thrown. Its overthrow would have brought such ruin as might follow in the physical universe, if the power of gravitation were destroyed, and—

> "Nature's concord broke,
> Among the constellations war were sprung,
> And planets, rushing from aspect malign
> Of fiercest opposition, in mid-sky
> Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound."

The nation was summoned to arms, by every high motive which can inspire men. Two centuries of freedom had made its people unfit for despotism. They must save their Government, or miserably perish.

As a flash of lightning, in a midnight tempest, reveals the abysmal horrors of the sea, so did the flash of the first gun disclose the awful abyss into which rebellion was ready to plunge us. In a moment, the fire was lighted in twenty million hearts. In a moment, we were the most warlike nation on the earth. In a moment, we were not merely a people with an army—we were a people in arms. The nation was in column—not all at the front, but all in the array.

I love to believe that no heroic sacrifice is ever lost. That the characters of men are moulded and inspired by what their fathers have done—that treasured up in American souls, are all the unconscious influences of the great deeds of the Anglo-Saxon race, from Agincourt to Bunker Hill. It was such an influence which led a young Greek, two thousand years ago, when he heard the news of Marathon, to exclaim, "The trophies of Miltiades will not let me sleep." Could these men be silent in 1861—these, whose ancestors had felt the inspiration of battle on every field where civilization had fought in the last thousand years? Read their answer in this green turf. Each for himself gathered up all the cherished purposes of life—its aims and ambitions, its dearest affections—and flung all, with life itself, into the scale of battle.

We began the war for the Union alone, but we had not gone far into its darkness before a new element was added to the conflict, which filled the army and the nation with cheerful but intense religious enthusiasm. In lessons that could not be misunderstood, the Nation was taught that God had linked to our own, the destiny of an enslaved race—that their liberty and our Union were indeed "one and inseparable." It was this that made the soul of John Brown the marching companion of our soldiers, and made them sing as they went down to battle—

> "In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
> With a glory in his bosom which transfigures you and me;
> As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free—
> While God is marching on."

With such inspirations, failure was impossible. The struggle consecrated, in some degree, every man who bore a worthy part. I can never forget an inci-

dent, illustrative of this thought, which it was my fortune to witness near sun-set of the second day at Chickamauga, when the beleaguered but unbroken left wing of our army had again and again repelled the assaults of more than double their numbers, and when each soldier felt that to his individual hands were committed the life of the army and the honor of his country. It was just after a division had fired its last cartridge, and had repelled a charge at the point of the bayonet, that the great-hearted commander took the hand of an humble soldier and thanked him for his steadfast courage. The soldier stood silent for a moment, and then said, with deep emotion, "George H. Thomas has taken this hand in his. I'll knock down any mean man that offers to take it hereafter." This rough sentence was full of meaning. He felt that something had happened to his hand which consecrated it. Could a hand bear our banner in battle and not be forever consecrated to honor and virtue? But doubly consecrated were these who received into their own hearts the fatal shafts, aimed at the life of their country. Fortunate men! your country lives because you died! Your fame is placed where the breath of calumny can never reach it; where the mistakes of a weary life can never dim its brightness! Coming generations will rise up to call you blessed!

And now consider this silent assembly of the dead. What does it represent? Nay, rather, what does it not represent? It is an epitome of the war. Here are sheaves reaped, in the harvest of death, from every battlefield of Virginia. If each grave had a voice to tell us what its silent tenant last saw and heard on earth, we might stand, with uncovered heads, and hear the whole story of the war. We should hear that one perished when the first great drops of the crimson shower began to fall, when the darkness of that first disaster at Manassas fell like an eclipse on the nation; that another died of disease while wearily waiting for winter to end; that this one fell on the field, in sight of the spires of Richmond, little dreaming that the flag must be carried through three more years of blood before it should be planted in that citadel of treason; and that one fell when the tide of war had swept us back till the roar of rebel guns shook the dome of yonder Capitol, and re-echoed in the chambers of the Executive Mansion. We should hear mingled voices from the Rappahannock, the Rapidan, the Chickahominy, and the James; solemn voices from the Wilderness, and triumphant shouts from the Shenandoah, from Petersburg, and the Five Forks, mingled with the wild acclaim of victory and the sweet chorus of returning peace. The voices of these dead will forever fill the land like holy benedictions.

What other spot so fitting for their last resting-place as this, under the shadow of the Capitol saved by their valor? Here, where the grim edge of battle joined; here, where all the hope and fear and agony of their country centred; here let them rest, asleep on the nation's heart, entombed in the nation's love!

The view from this spot, bears some resemblance to that which greets the eye at Rome. In sight of the Capitoline Hill, up and across the Tiber, and overlooking the city, is a hill, not rugged nor lofty, but known as the Vatican Mount. At the beginning of the Christian Era, an Imperial circus stood on its summit. There, gladiator slaves died for the sport of Rome; and wild beasts

fought with wilder men. In that arena, a Gallilean fisherman gave up his life a sacrifice for his faith. No human life was ever so nobly avenged. On that spot, was reared the proudest Christian temple ever built by human hands. For its adornment, the rich offerings of every clime and kingdom have been contributed. And now, after eighteen centuries, the hearts of two hundred million people turn towards it with reverence when they worship God. As the traveller descends the Appennines, he sees the dome of St. Peter rising above the desolate Campagna and the dead city, long before the seven hills and ruined palaces appear to his view. The fame of the dead fisherman has outlived the glory of the Eternal City. A noble life, crowned with heroic death rises above and outlives the pride and pomp and glory of the mightiest empire of the earth.

Seen from the western slope of our Capitol, in direction, distance, and appearance, this spot is not unlike the Vatican Mount, though the river that flows at our feet is larger than a hundred Tibers. Seven years ago, this was the home of one who lifted his sword against the life of his country, and who became the great Imperator of the rebellion. The soil beneath our feet was watered by the tears of slaves, in whose hearts the sight of yonder proud Capitol awakened no pride, and inspired no hope. The face of the goddess that crowns it, was turned towards the sea and not towards them. But, thanks be to God, this arena of rebellion and slavery is a scene of violence and crime no longer! This will be forever the sacred mountain of our Capitol. Here is our temple; its pavement is the sepulchre of heroic hearts; its dome, the bending heaven; its altar candles, the watching stars.

Hither our children's children shall come to pay their tribute of grateful homage. For this are we met to-day. By the happy suggestion of a great society, assemblies like this are gathering, at this hour, in every State in the Union. Thousands of soldiers are to-day turning aside in the march of life to visit the silent encampments of dead comrades who once fought by their side.

From many thousand homes, whose light was put out when a soldier fell, there go forth to-day, to join these solemn processions, loving kindred and friends, from whose hearts the shadow of grief will never be lifted till the light of the Eternal world dawns upon them.

And here are children, little children, to whom the war left no father but the Father above. By the most sacred right, theirs is the chief place to-day. They come with garlands to crown their victor fathers. I will delay the coronation no longer.

Patriotic Song—"Our Native Land." Eight voices.

The following Original Poem was then read by JULIUS C. SMITH, Esq.:

Peace, peace on earth! No battle-flags are flown,
No war-clouds rise and frown along the sky;
No trumpet for the deadly charge is blown,
No lightning-glare of red artillery.

Light, from the high empyrean glancing down,
No longer falls on heaps of mangled dead:
Reveals no more the close-beleaguered town,
Or path of fire, whereon the foe hath fled.

We hear no more from battle-plain arise
The ringing shout of frantic, grappling hosts,
Or those wild, piercing, anguish-laden cries,
That haunt the memory like immortal ghosts.

How changed the scene, since those we mourn to-day
Heard Slavery's challenge, at their peaceful toil;
Met the defiant foe in battle-fray;
Moistened, from pulsing veins, the parching soil.

Then rose the nation's pibroch loud and shrill,
Then flashed the burning cross o'er northern plains;
On mountain-steeps, by hamlet, vale, and rill,
True manhood roused to break the bondman's chains.

These forms, then animate with earnest life,
In shop and field the slogan message caught,
Pressed to their bosoms, mother, sister, wife,
And the dark field of strife and carnage sought.

And shall we sing how first the hands, unused
To martial weapons, at Manassas failed;
How Tyranny our name and fame abused,
Our manly courage and our cause assailed;

Recite the tale of Ball's ensanguined height,
Of Bethel's slaughter and Vienna's gore;
How dying, gifted Baker, Winthrop, fight;
How gallant Lander's wounds shall heal no more;

Repeat the tale of Chickahominy,
Of Fredericksburg, and Chancellor's barren sand,
Where rebel legions pressed to victory,
And drew a curtained gloom o'er all the land;

Tell how at Wilson's noble Lyon died,
And how at Lexington the wrong bore sway;
How once again Manassas' field was tried
And doubly lost upon that fatal day?

From infancy to youth, from youth to age,
By failures oft life's lessons are attained;
Preludes, are stammering words, to wisdom sage;
By stumbling steps pedestrian skill is gained.

Thus our brave comrades learned the art of war
At Chickamauga, Belmont, Perrysville;
'Twas wisdom bought with many a costly scar,
Lessons no early victory could instil.

At last by patient toil came strength of limb,
Came skill of eye and hand in martial art;
They felt the muscles of the Anakim,
The throbbing pulses of a Titan's heart.

These fleshless hands, now motionless and cold,
By due experience taught, were raised in might;
These eyes, now changed to pale terrestrial mould,
Along the carbine gained unerring sight.

Enough: 't is done! Hark to the cannons' roar
Upon Antietam's blood-encircled field;
See! Gettysburg is drenched in rebel gore;
At Donelson the boastful traitors yield.

The Shenandoah's vale is darkly red—
'Tis rebel blood, transformed to ebon hue;
Vicksburg is ours; and see how proudly tread
Our marching legions, broad savannas through.

Yet from the hurricane our arms recoiled
At Shiloh's church and Murfreesboro's plain,
But battling still our steadfast heroes toiled,
Till on yon banner Victory smiled again.

Nay, weep not, mother, for thy gallant son
Who, fighting, fell in that umbrageous wood;
He gave his life for man—'t was nobly done—
And here he sleeps among the brave and good.

See Richmond, traitorous, fire-begirdled town;
See Mountain Lookout, Missionary Heights;
Above the clouds the brazen cannon frown;
Above the clouds each stalwart hero fights.

From Chattanooga to Atlantic's coast,
From the sea northward to Virginia's line,
I see the track of Freedom's conquering host,
To justice, friends—to wrong, a scourge divine.

At Appomattox, Lee surrenders all,
At Durham, Johnston bends the suppliant knee.
Send the glad shout o'er earth's revolving ball;
Slavery is crushed! Our noble land is free!

Yet pause; the triumph has been bought with blood;
Great was the purchase, great the price we paid;
A million forms are crumbling 'neath the sod,
A score of thousands are around us laid.

Pause, and remove the sandals from thy feet,
Press not, with rash intrusion, holy ground;
This forest is the hero's calm retreat,
The camp, angelic guards encircle round.

Yet tell me not the gallant youth are dead;
These are but forms that moulder and decay;
The man shall live, who e'er for manhood bled,
Through time's vast aions, heaven's eternal day.

He lives in memory of the good and wise,
He lives in grateful histrionic lore,
He lives in gorgeous realms beyond the skies,
He lives in fervid song forevermore.

All art at portraiture divine has failed,
In sculpture, pyramid, and fashioned clay;
Osiris, sun-crowned, Isis, darkly veiled,
Or Memnon musical at rising day.

Yet rest these comrades with the God that loves,
In all the race one intervital life,
By which creation ever onward moves
To brighter scenes through elemental strife.

There is no life ideal that can cast
Its phantom shade beyond the mystic tomb,
But one eternal landscape of the past,
One present Eden of immortal bloom.

And tell me not these unnamed are unknown,*
These thousands in the consecrated tomb—
No missing roll or monumental stone
Can shroud a hero in historic gloom.

In all these interblended heaps of bones
There's not a nerve to feel, a heart to love;
No passion's flame, no music's silvery tones;
Sense, life, and feeling, all have passed above.

They have passed onward through the rift of light
That parts the clouds above primordial strife;
They march with God in uniforms of white,
And drink the true nepenthe-draught of life.

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* One tomb at Arlington contains the remains of 2,111 unknown soldiers.

Martyrs for Truth, for Liberty, and Right!
To you shall rise the nation's high acclaim;
You are not lost in dim historic night—
These graves are subterranean paths to fame.

This emerald verdure on earth's mother-breast,
These oaks umbrageous, and this moist'ning dew,
This orchestra of birds, this holy rest,
Are nature's smiles upon the brave and true.

Green be the hillocks o'er this hallowed clay;
Sweet be the garlands loving hands shall bring;
Just be the tribute eloquence shall pay;
Tender the song the minstrel harp shall sing.

Long may these lyric trees, with waving boughs,
Shadow the fragrant flower-encrusted sod;
Long may the rosy dawn these songsters rouse
In hymns harmonic to the heroes' God.

From death's broad stream I hear these comrades hail;
I see them beckon to the farther shore;
I hear the rustle of the snowy sail,
The soft baptismal of the phantom oar.

Let vernal year her azure violets bring,
To deck the sod that folds this sacred clay;
Let forest choirs their sweetest carols sing
At morning reveille and closing day.

Let Summer send her golden sunbeams down,
In graceful salutations for the dead,
And Autumn's moving host of leaflets brown
Break ranks above the fallen soldier's head.

In Winter's storms, let all the sentry stars
That on yon battlements their vigils keep,
Smile on these wasting forms, these holy scars,
And guard the field where worth and valor sleep.

And we, survivors of the fearful strife,
While gathered here around this hallowed clay,
Let us anew pledge fortune, honor, life,
That from our flag no star shall pass away.

We reverently swear by all we love,
By all we are, and all we hope to be,
Yon starry flag, man's steadfast friend shall prove,
And wave forever o'er the brave and free.

Dirge—Forty-Fourth Infantry Band.

The foregoing exercises took place in front of Arlington Mansion, its large verandah and colonnade being draped in mourning and decorated with flags.

At the south side of the mansion is a large garden enclosure, around two sides of which and upon a grassy terrace are buried 53 commissioned officers of the army from almost every Northern State.

While the band played, a procession was formed as follows:

Children of Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphan Asylum, in charge of the Officers and Managers of the Association, and Committee on Decorations, followed by friends generally. The procession moved around the gardens south of the Mansion, the children strewing flowers upon the graves spoken of along the line of march as they passed, and halted at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldiers,* who fell in Virginia during the early years of the war. This tomb is west of and near the gardens.

The orphan children formed a hollow square around this tomb, the committees and friends in attendance forming a second square around them. The orphans sang an appropriate song, which was followed by prayer, Rev. CHARLES V. KELLY, D. D.

FRIENDS, AND FELLOW-CITIZENS:

Standing here in the place of the clergyman (Rev. B. Peyton Brown) who was expected on this occasion to offer up prayer in behalf of those who have been bereft of their friends, whose ashes now lie buried here, unknown to those who loved them, it matters little who is the speaker, if the prayer comes from the heart. I therefore ask you in all humility to join with me while I offer up a short prayer for those who know not where the bodies of their loved ones lie, and who never will know it until the morning of the resurrection. Let us pray:

Almighty and everlasting God, and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who art the resurrection and the life, in whom whosoever believeth shall live though he die, we, Thine humble servants, depending upon Thy grace, looking for Thy continuing mercy, stand before Thee in the attitude of prayer, to make known the wants, as far as we are able, and the deep necessities of those whose dead lie buried here. Oh, Heavenly Father, pour the oil and the wine of joy and gladness and consolation into the hearts of the widow and orphan; let them have a consciousness through Thy good Spirit, that, though they shall no more

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* This Tomb bears the following inscription: "Beneath this Stone repose the bones of two thousand one hundred and eleven unknown soldiers, gathered after the war from the fields of Bull Run and the Route to the Rappahannock. Their remains could not be identified, but their names and death are recorded in the archives of their country, and its grateful citizens honor them as of their noble army of martyrs. May they rest in peace."

September, A. D. 1866.

see those to whom they were attached when living, yet, that they rest from their labor, and are in the enjoyment of Thy blessed presence, in the eternal kingdom of Thy glory.

And oh, Heavenly Father, we beseech Thee, spread before the widow and orphan, in Thy blessed Word, the bread of everlasting life, which can feed them to life eternal. Console them with the hopes of that Gospel which has brought life and immortality to light. Give them a hope through the resurrection of Jesus Christ their Lord, that in looking to Thee in all things, they may have a full assurance of a reunion in Thy kingdom, and that with that full assurance, they may rest in that hope of glory which Thou hast promised to them in Thy gracious word.

We know that at the voice of the archangel and trump of God, the sea and earth shall give up their dead, and these shall stand before Thee at the great white Throne, in judgment for the deeds done in the body. Oh, may those who have departed this life, have then an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the righteous. When in judgment in body and in soul they appear before Thee, may Thy sentence be to those who have died in the performance of their dangerous and solemn duty, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Hear us, our Father, hear us while we offer up this, our prayer and supplication, through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ, our only Saviour and Redeemer.

Our Father, who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name: Thy kingdom come: Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven: Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. Amen.

Chorus—"Gebet," (German prayer,) Arion Club.*

Dead March. Fifth Cavalry Band.

While the march was being played the Orphan Children and the Committee on Decorations appropriately decorated the Tomb with flags and flowers.

The procession then formed as before and marched to the flag-stand at the principal cemetery.

Rev. Mr. TRIMBLE offered the following prayer:

Almighty and ever-living God, who by Thy holy Apostle hast taught us to make prayers, and supplications, and to give thanks for all men; we humbly beseech Thee most mercifully to receive these our prayers, which we offer unto Thy Divine Majesty; beseeching Thee to inspire continually the Universal Church with the spirit of truth, unity, and concord. And grant that all those who do confess Thy holy name may agree in the truth of Thy holy Word, and live in unity, and godly love. We beseech Thee also, so to direct and dispose

* This club is composed of Germans, most of them formerly soldiers. Their voluntary assistance is gratefully acknowledged.

the hearts of all Christian rulers, that they may truly and impartially administer justice, to the punishment of wickedness and vice, and to the maintenance of Thy true religion, and virtue. Give grace, oh, Heavenly Father, to all ministers, that they may, both by their life, and doctrine, set forth Thy true and lively Word, and rightly and duly administer Thy holy Sacraments. And to all Thy people give Thy heavenly grace; and especially to all those, Thy servants, who are sorrowing under the bereavements of war. In Thy wisdom Thou hast seen fit to visit them with trouble, and to bring distress upon them. Remember them, O Lord, in mercy; sanctify Thy fatherly correction to them; endue their souls with patience under their afflictions, and with resignation to Thy blessed will; comfort them with a sense of Thy goodness; lift up Thy countenance upon them, and give them peace. And we most humbly beseech Thee, of Thy goodness, O Lord, to comfort and succor all those who, in this transitory life, are in trouble, sorrow, need, sickness, or any other adversity.

And also, we bless Thy holy name, for the great deliverance that Thou didst work out for us by the courage and self-devotion of our armies and navy, and by the deaths of those that spared not themselves from the grave, that we, the living, might still be numbered among the nations. Remember them, O Lord, in Thine infinite mercy—grant them rest and peace in Thy eternal kingdom, and enable us, the surviving, so to use the blessings which have been secured to us by their blood, that we may be a people whose God is the Lord Jehovah, and evermore serve Thee in holiness and righteousness through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Hymn—"In Memoriam." Eight voices.

Hon. HALBERT E. PAINE was then introduced, who read the following dedicatory address of Mr. Lincoln, at Gettysburg:

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have

died in vain—that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the Government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

The Committee on Decorations, with the children of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphan Asylum then deployed and took position at the different stands of flowers and flags, and proceeded at once to the decoration of the graves throughout the cemetery, strewing flowers and raising miniature flags over the graves.

The friends in attendance were at liberty to stroll through the grounds during these last services.

The bands relieved each other in playing appropriate music.

A National Salute was fired from the front of Arlington Mansion during these ceremonies.

CLOSING EXERCISES.

The band played the Star-Spangled Banner as a signal that the decoration ceremony was ended and as an invitation to the friends in attendance to return to the stand.

Prayer and Benediction was offered by Rev. C. B. Boynton, D. D.:

Almighty and Eternal One, God of our fathers, and ours also, as we humbly trust, through Jesus Christ, our High Priest, we approach Thy throne and thank Thee for this solemn yet joyful hour. We rejoice that Thou hast permitted us, in the smile of this spring morning, to gather here over the ashes of our dead heroes, and by these beautiful and impressive ceremonies hallow afresh their already consecrated graves.

We know that no tribute of curs can reach these sleepers now. We can add no lustre to the crowns they wear, but we pray and trust that through these offerings our own souls may be refined and ennobled. We come to mourn over a great national calamity, which partially and temporarily rent our Republic asunder, drenched the land with blood, dug it over for graves, and brought the death and shadow upon thousands of homes, and millions of hearts.

We confess that all we have suffered was but a just judgment for our national sins and individual transgressions, and yet in Thy great mercy Thou didst change our punishment into blessing, by ridding us of the terrible curse of slavery, so that in the agony of war a nobler nation was born, consecrated to universal Christian freedom.

We thank Thee that, as all races were permitted to unite on the battle-field for the defense of their common country, so their bodies moulder without sep-

aration here, the mingled blood and mingling ashes vindicating the common humanity, and the flowers we throw over them, and the tears we shed, and our praises and prayers, are intended alike for them all.

We thank Thee that while we stand amid these thousands dead, we can worship Thee as the God not of the dead, but of the living, and above our funeral dirge we hear the magnificent announcement, "I am the resurrection and the life."

While we place on these graves our flowers, wet with the heart's dew of tears, we remember those who were made mourners by our battles. We offer, in the name of Jesus, our prayers for the fathers and mothers whose sons are in the red grave of the soldier, for those widowed ones whose aching hearts have heard so often the question, "Why does not father come?" and O God of the fatherless, we pray for those orphans whose fathers went and returned no more. To all these grant the abounding consolations of Thy spirit and the cherishings of Thy love, that they may enjoy all needed comforts for this present life, and after that the life eternal.

We beseech Thee, O God, to remember in great mercy that multitude of maimed and crippled soldiers who, having sacrificed to their country a portion of the body, are yet sound in heart and whole in spirit, the mangled but honored and honorable relics of the fight.

Remember, we pray Thee, and bless with needed grace all those who came back unscathed from the battle, and who are peacefully performing among us the duties of the loyal citizen. Bless the General of our armies, in a double sense a chieftain now, and with him all the officers of the Army and Navy. We rejoice in all the honor they have received, add Thou, O Christ, thine own nobler record.

And now, O Holy Spirit, breathe from our soldiers' graves, that over the land have received to-day the baptism of tears and flowers, an inspiration that shall kindle a fresh enthusiasm of loyalty to our nation, to truth, to freedom, and to Christ, so that our land shall present unto all men a true example of Christian civilization.

Hasten the time when the triumphs of peace shall be more honorable than those of war, and the sound of battle shall die away forever over all the earth. "Thy Kingdom come: Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven: for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever. Amen.

NOTE.—In addition to the ceremonies at Arlington, the Committees decorated the graves at Alexandria and Soldiers' Home and Fort Stevens, and also the graves of Generals Reno, Griffin, and Plummer, and Lieutenant Meigs and other soldiers' graves at the Georgetown Cemetery.

OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Q. M. General's Office, Washington, D. C., *May* 22, 1868.

Dear Sir: Your favor of 21st inst., covering copies of General Orders, No. 11, G. A. R., having reference to the decoration of the graves of Union Soldiers on the 30th inst., is at hand, and I beg you to accept my thanks for the same.

This department is quite anxious that all the graves of deceased Union Soldiers throughout the country shall receive the same care and attention which has been bestowed upon those in the neighborhood of this city; and if, on your approaching celebration, any places should be noticed, containing such graves in a neglected condition, it would be considered a favor at this office, if information of the same should be at once forwarded to the Quartermaster General, in order that all the graves in the United States may receive such improvements as Congress has authorized.

There are no appropriations for the purchase of statues, monuments, or exotic shrubs; but good grass, well-gravelled walks, native trees, neat head-boards, and a substantial enclosure, have been provided for, and will be established wherever Government is made aware of the existence of the graves.

You will confer a favor by communicating this information to the Headquarters of the G. A. R., if convenient to you.

Your obedient servant,

C. W. FOLSOM,
Brt. Col., A. Q. M. U. S. V.,
in charge of the Division of Cemeteries, Q. M. G. O.

James T. Smith,
Comd'g Dept. G. A. R., 446 14th street, Washington, D. C.

Q. M. General's Office, Washington, D. C., *May* 25, 1868.

Sir: You are respectfully informed that your application to the Secretary of War with reference to the proposed ceremonies of the G. A. R., at the National Cemeteries on the 30th inst., has been referred to this office by the Hon. Secretary of War, and Bvt. Brig. General J. C. McFerran, Chief Q. M. Department of Washington, has this day been directed to have the cemeteries under his charge open on that day, and to give all facilities at his disposal to the G. A. R., for their patriotic purpose.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

D. W. RUCKER.
Act'g Q. M. General, Bvt. Maj. General U. S. A.

James T. Smith,
Comd'g Dept. of the Potomac, G. A. R.,
No. 446 14th street, Washington, D. C.

OFFICE OF PUBLIC BUILDINGS, GROUNDS, AND WORKS,
WASHINGTON, *May* 29, 1868.

General N. P. CHIPMAN,

Ch'n Com. of Arrangements, Memorial Celebration:

GENERAL: In compliance with a resolution of the House of Representatives, of the 27th instant, instructing me to prepare and transmit, so far as practicable, to each of the National Union Soldiers' Cemeteries, selections of flowers from all the public gardens for the purpose of decorating the graves of the brave and honored dead, I have the honor to inform you that all that can be gathered from those sources will be placed at the disposal of the Committee of Arrangements for the very laudable object for which they are intended. In addition to those supplied for the National Cemeteries in the neighborhood of this city, a small box has been sent to each of those at Gettysburg, Fredericksburg, Petersburg, Winchester, and Baltimore. The several gentlemen in charge of the different Public Grounds, other than those under my own immediate charge, have kindly aided me by their contributions in assisting so far as in their power towards the very interesting memorial ceremonies which you celebrate to-morrow. Regretting exceedingly that we have not more flowers to offer on this interesting occasion, with which to strew the graves of the brave soldiers in the beautiful cemeteries near us, and trusting that the day may prove beautiful and bright,

I am, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

N. MICHLER,
Brevet Brigadier General, U. S. A.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., *May* 28, 1868.

The Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements having requested that an opportunity may be given to those employed in the several Executive Departments of the Government to unite with their fellow-citizens in paying a fitting tribute to the memory of the brave men whose remains repose in the National Cemeteries, the President directs that, as far as may be consistent with law and the public interests, persons who desire to participate in the ceremonies be permitted to absent themselves from their duties on Saturday, the 30th instant.

By order of the President:

WM. G. MOORE, *Secretary.*

COMMITTEES.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

N. P. Chipman, A. A. Hosmer, Richard Middleton, Timothy Lubey,
T. R. Hawkins, James T. Smith, George Smoot,
Henry Moore, A. Grant, A. Fleetwood.

COMMITTEE ON RECEPTION.

W. H. Brown, H. G. Otis, Clinton Lewis, Wilson Millar, A. N. Seip,
L. B. Cutler, C. C. Royce, D. S. Curtis, Jay E. Lee,
A. D. Brock, C. H. Manning.

COMMITTEE ON DECORATIONS.*

The Officers and Managers of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphan Asylum,

AS FOLLOWS:

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Mrs. Capt. C. V. Morris, *Secretary.* Mrs. Dr. Lindsly, 2d *Vice Prest.*
Mrs. McNair, *Treasurer.*

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Mrs. Commodore Powell, Mrs. Dr. A. Hall, Mrs. Senator Ramsey,
Mrs. S. Beck, Miss Mary Foot,
Mrs. E. Gilbert, *Matron.* Miss E. Camp, *Governess.*

TO THESE ARE ADDED

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Mrs. Gen'l J. A. Garfield,
Mrs. Gen'l J. C. Coburn,
Miss Blanche Butler,
Mrs. Senator Pomeroy,
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T. F. Gatchel,
T. A. Stone,
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G. Wiley Wells,
J. W. Lithgow,
R. F. Ray,
Chas. Wyman,
—— Sullivan,
Zabina Ellis,

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B. A. Swann,
—— Junifer,
John Reeves,
—— Hudson,
L. Vanderpool,
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J. H. Stein,
A. P. Caton,
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C. V. Petteys,
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Allen Wright,
C. C. Parker,
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G. W. Randall,
Richard F. Ray,

W. T. Collins,
Z. Ellis,
Frank Wyman,
N. B. Fithien,
Wm. DeHolt,
Charles T. Wyman.

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* There were many ladies whose names are not here given who rendered valuable assistance, for which the Committee feel grateful.

There may be some names omitted by mistake from the several Committees. Some Committees are not given, as the names are mislaid, but it is proper to say that comrades and friends rendered all needed assistance, whether on Committees or not, and the success of the occasion is largely due to them.

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